

This lady had quietly entered the car by one door as Henry Henshall, powerless in the grasp of Detective Burns, was ejected through the other.

She was dressed in an elaborate light silk gown, totally inappropriate for traveling, and over a dainty little theatre bonnet was pinned a heavy dark veil that completely covered her face.

Beneath the veil was the face of Lena Henshall, who had been known by the tragic expression of Edna Crawford's face into thinking there was perhaps some one else as unhappy as herself.

Two hours before, when Henry Henshall left his young wife for the pursuit of his fascinating ideal, Lena had wandered aimlessly up and down her little parlor, a prey to bitter meditations. Sick at heart from brooding over her husband's neglect and the thoughts of a lonely and loveless future, she called



So felt Edna Crawford, sitting with bowed head.

Mrs. Smith and announced her intention of passing the evening at the theatre. At the sight of the girl's tear stained face Mrs. Smith wisely held her tongue, but the cynical smile that played about her thin lips caused young Mrs. Henshall to feel for her trusted companion a sudden hot dislike.

When Mrs. Smith left to make some preparation for accompanying her Lena threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of bitter weeping. Her thoughts turned longingly toward her father, to whom she had always gone for advice and sympathy, and with these thoughts came the sudden determination to go to him without delay. She knew that Banker Hartman was then in Chicago on an important financial mission, and summoning a bell boy she procured a time table and found that with haste she could catch the 8:30 Chicago express.

She thrust a few articles into a valise, and leaving a brief message for Mrs. Smith to the effect "that she had decided to go out alone and not to wait up for her," she stepped into a cab and was soon at the Union depot. She purchased her ticket, securing the only remaining section on the train, and before she had time to realize the importance of the step she had taken she was whirling away en route for Chicago.

Lena was suddenly brought back to the consciousness of her position by the porter, who was collecting the compartment tickets preparatory to making up the berths for the night.

Edna, who in the haste of her departure had neglected to secure any sleeping section, now found that everything had been previously engaged and that the only alternative to sitting up all night was an uninviting looking lounge at the end of the car. Mrs. Henshall, who had been attracted by the girl's despairing face, stepped forward and offered her the other berth in her own compartment.

Edna accepted gratefully and warmly thanked her unknown companion for her courtesy.

As she moved from the seat her foot touched a small, dark object lying on the floor close to her chair. It was a leather card case, stamped with initials "H. R. H."

With a view to discovering the owner Edna opened it, and extracting one of the bits of pasteboard read aloud, "Mr. Henry Rowan Henshall, New York city."

"Why, this must have been dropped by the gentleman who spoke to me just as the train was leaving San Francisco," she said.

Lena had grown deadly pale. "The gentleman who spoke to me?" she questioned faintly.

"Yes," replied Edna hesitatingly, "a tall, blonde gentleman who has followed me on several previous occasions. This evening he spoke to me and I resented it. A stranger present at the time came to my assistance, and in the disturbance that followed this card case was probably lost."

Lena Henshall remained silent. Crushed and humiliated by this proof of her husband's duplicity she had not the courage to further question her companion.

Her love for her husband was the first grand emotion of her life, and the discovery she had just made filled her with a mad, wild jealousy. When she finally retired for the night it was with the pleasing knowledge that in the berth above her, by her own invitation, lay the girl who was the cause of her husband's indifference and probably the possessor of her husband's love.

How long she tossed about in her narrow berth, wakeful and miserable, Lena never knew.

the goose pimples even on the death mask of Methuselah.

Even the wind trolled softly over the scorched and withered grass, and the well lubricated moon stole in and out among the clouds without a creak, and the exception of Bitter creek, of course, which laved its alkali shores in the eternal solitudes, and bleached still whiter, as the years went by, the snowy bones of those who once had sought to invade this great untamed establishment of nature—this petrified hush of centuries.

But what sound is this that gently beats upon the tense drum of the listener's ear?

The distant jar and gentle palpitations of a coming train from the west! Scarcely do we hear this and catch the yellow twinkle of a headlight when another muffled roar from the east and a little crawling light growing rapidly out of the dusk and distance swallow the intervening miles, and in a flash the two screaming, snorting, panting monsters have met like mail clad giants in a mighty tournament.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death! Come to the mother when she feels For the first time her first born's breath; Come when the blessed souls Watch close the position are broken, And crowded cities wait in silence.

Come in Consumption's ghastly form! To earthquake's shock, to ocean's storm; Come when the heart beats high and warm With banquet, song and dance and wine, And thou art terrible. The tear, The groan, the kiss, the pall, the tier, And all we know or dream or fear, Of agony art thine.

But to the heart, where love is dead, And hope is kneeling o'er its user, Thy face with joy is overpoured, And so lights out with bounding tread The soul that only sorrowed here.

When Lena awoke with this dull pain in her head she felt certain that she was dead, and was almost tickled to death to think that her sad heart would sorrow no more and that Harry was free; but almost at once came the smell of hot varnish and the slight suspicion of an overdone porter who ought to be turned over.

"Great Gawd," she said, as her breath came in brief pants, "the car is on fire. I must go away."

To a spectator who might have seen the collision it would have seemed impossible that a living thing could come out of this terrible wreck and holocaust; but ere long a venerable apple worn crawled out of the cool side of a nice eating apple, and seeing that he could be of no further use on board the train, came out of the car and slunk away in the darkness.

Soon the cheerful car stove begins to get in its work, and the chaos of broken woodwork begins to burn, at first slowly, then, as the swift winds of the plains catch it, the red blaze leaps out and greets the frightened night with a cackling laugh.

To go back to Mr. Crawford, at Chicago, with the author is but the work of an instant.



DR. WATSON.

When Dr. Watson returned after sending his lying telegram to Edna he found the house empty and the door locked, the shutters drawn and everything deserted. The reader will ask how he knew that every one was gone when the door was locked and he could not get in, but we must remember that he was in the hypnotic business, and could do things that other people might consider difficult. Many a time as a boy he had hypnotized a watermelon dog and then helped himself to the luscious fruit.

He soon learned that Mr. Crawford had taken his whole household, and with light baggage had fled to the depot. He followed rapidly, and fortunately caught up with the carriage containing the party, for they were "bridged," and had been for nearly an hour. He tried to



MR. CRAWFORD.

hypnotize Mr. Crawford, but the old man had shrewdly had himself vaccinated, and so he was safe.

There was nothing for the doctor to do but to follow the procession, for Crawford had evidently heard that his daughter was in California, and had resolved to go to her.

For some time the doctor argued with the old man, but without avail. He then tried to hypnotize the ticket office into giving him a lower berth, but the agent had been exposed when he was young, and so wasn't afraid of getting it now.

Therefore Dr. Watson had to jump hurriedly on the rear platform as the train pulled out and sleep in the smoking car with his front teeth resting heavily on his knees all the living night.

In the drawing room of a pleasant and dry sleeping car supplied with electric bells and a thermometer was a buffet, the sandwiches in which smelled like over eight, while lower eight got even by smelling like a corned beef sandwich, and here sat Mr. Crawford and Miss Brown. Below is a picture of Miss Brown. Her name was Celia Brown, but her friends called her Celia and Brown with an air of badinage which brought a rosy flush and sweet bright smiles to her fair face.

decided to purchase the portrait as much as possible.

Briefly but truthfully and tearfully Miss Brown made a clean breast of her sorrowful slavery to Dr. Watson, the hypnotist, and on her knees she promised the old man that never again would she give him an opportunity to wield his ghastly and disagreeable influence over her.



As the fair heart of the beautiful girl rested on his knee, and with trembling fingers he screwed up her Psyche knot a little tighter, so that it could not get muddy as the spiraled roadster sped along the track, he thought he had never saw so fair a being, taken all around, as she was. [Mr. Crawford always used the choicest English in his conversation, but occasionally his thoughts were ungrammatical.]

"I also have a confession to make, dear one," he said, "Prepare for a piece of information which you can hardly credit, save that I, who am, or is, or are, as the case may be, the criminal, tell it to you myself."

"Would you believe that I, who am your comrade on this journey, whose face is so refined, so spiritual, could have taken the life of Dr. Cronin?"

"Could you believe that I, a professor of religion and a worthy inside guard for two terms in the Little Bethel Independent Order of Good Templars, No. 38,702, could have gone under the cover of darkness and with a bright new clasp knife cut into the nice warm vitals of a neighbor, and then, with his hot blood spurting up my sleeve, hacked the dying man to pieces, put him in a shawl strap and carried him away to a sewer trap and concealed his dishevelled remains so that the police could not get on to my sport?"

"And yet for months this terrible secret has been preying upon my soul. Yesterday while Dr. Watson was up-town it occurred to me that possibly I did not kill Cronin, and so, picking up a paper, I read that another man did it. Following up this germ of thought, I soon also discovered that I was abroad all the year of the Cronin murder. I am now wondering if Dr. Watson has not been wielding an unholy influence over me which the delightful climate of California and some light stimulants like rye whiskey and opium may overcome."

A quick sob came from the bowed form before him. "Oh, Ephraim, thank God, you may be able to prove yourself innocent after all," she said. She had never called him Ephraim before.

He stooped and whispered a few low, passionate words in her ear.

Her head bent lower and a quick flush of shrimplish pink bathed face, neck and shoulders.

It was but the work of a moment for Ephraim to call up a sleepy but clerical looking man in upper five, also in pajamas, who quietly slid down into the drawing room and in the presence of the sleeping car conductor and porter made the two men and wife.

And what of Henry Henshall, the hero and artistic ass of this story? Leaving his art to sink for itself, and forgetting that he had promised on that very day to paint two large barns for a place in Oakland, he fought madly for a party on the train in order to follow an unknown flaxen haired fellow, who did not care a cent for him or his art.

Henry Henshall was not a bad man, but he needed some great calamity or severe concussion to jolt a little sense into him. That was all. Life had been too smooth with him. He had painted several portraits of Beatrice Cecil, which had been accepted by the family and paid for, yet after all he needed something that would almost kill him, but not quite. This would, the doctor thought, knock the talents out of him, and give him an ambition to do as he agreed and pay his debts.

Such an episode was in store for him. For, by a strange fatality, this train he rode upon a few nights later (although Mr. Harmon, by a slight oversight, which is perfectly pardonable in a man



who has a large amount of stock to feed and water and bed down and take care of nights, places the accident on the first night out crashed into the train which brought Mr. Crawford west in search of his child.

On that fatal night Edna placed her violin in her berth, where it could not get overheated by the steam pipes, and then, letting down her angelic hair till it fell about her slight figure like a halo of molasses candy, she looked so sweet that the porter thoughtlessly swallowed a pillow which he was holding in his teeth as he watched her skin up the steep ladder and plunge into her couch with a glad cry.

She soon struck her head down into Mrs. Henshall's berth, however, and said tenderly: "My dear friend, I do not know why, but I think I am going to die," and she thoughtlessly quoted some lines from the death scene in which Little Eva gently glides up the flame at \$2 a week in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company.

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"I have saved quite a little fortune from my popular appearances before the public, and I wish you would give it to my father if I die."

A quick sob came from the lower berth occupied by Mrs. Henshall. It was hers. She made it herself.

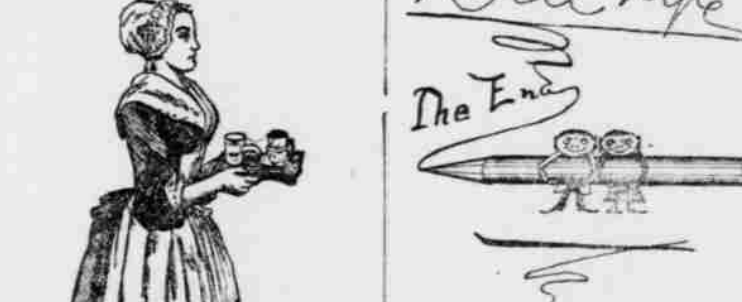
"Nay, my dear," she said, "if eyerbody die, let it be I—or me, if that sounds better. Oh, let me die!"

With that she moaned piteously, like a person who does not feel well.

"Yes, dear lady," said Edna, handing her a crocheted purse containing \$8.

"This will lift the mortgage on the old farm and wipe out the personal indebtedness of my father. I am a poor, persecuted girl, followed at all times by either a wild eyed hypnotizer who is out of a job, or else a spitz whiskered artist who barely earns enough by kalsomining to follow me about like a mutton headed Nemesis all the while. I shall die content, dear lady. Good night."

I cannot go on to any great length to describe that horrible night. It was a wonder that one human being came forth



alive from the terrible wreck—and awful hell, I was going to say.

Henry Henshall was struck on the head by a fresh train fire, and for a time lay unconscious, but the smell of his burning trousers aroused him, and he got up and went out of the car.

Strangest of all, the blow had cleared his intellect and knocked the laudable pins out of his mind, as it were, and "Lena" was the first word on his lips.

The awful picture seemed to bewilder him a moment, and then he set to work. From the window of a burning car a white and beautiful arm extended through the broken window. On the hand, though spattered with bright scarlet sploches, he recognized his wife's wedding ring.

With a cry of agony he dashed into the crushed and burning wreck, and just as the flames were beginning to creep upon her he jumped from the hungry flames with his fainting but happy wife in his arms. Again and again he blessed his father's blow on his head which had cleared his vision and made him see how near he came to losing a good, true and desirable wife.

Lena's hair turned snowy white, and so ye so, but she makes a beautiful matron, a kind mother and a good wife to the cashier of her father's bank. Mr. Henry Henshall, who has a signature now worth \$200,000 in his own individual right.

Edna was never fully recovered. Aside from the hinges of her violin case, her remains were never found. I hated to write this, but I am not here to be sentimental. I must be a portion of it at least, to relieve her father's indebtedness, and with the balance was founded a conservatory of music in Boston.

Dr. Watson was pinned to the wreck by the ear and slowly scalded to death. Before he died he said he was sorry for what he had done, but yet with his last breath he tried to bite a preacher who was praying for him. He was a law creature. He was a disagreeable person.

He Was Cruel.
She (thinking of ante-natalism) says:—What does this coffee remind you of?
He (tasting it critically)—It reminds me of coffee, but that is all.

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